

Roxbury, March 30, 1874.

My dear McKim:

The intelligence that Wendell sends as to the state of your health excites our household sympathy and solicitude, though the latest word from him is more encouraging. I need not say how tenderly and closely I am drawn to you in your present enfeebled condition; and I will gladly hasten to you, notwithstanding my own bodily infirmities, if I can in any way be serviceable to you or the beloved ones of your household. To-morrow we shall look for another letter from Wendell, and we fervently hope it will announce that you are so much better as to preclude all anxiety on your account. Of course, you will not lack good nursing; and your own judgment as to what is best to be done, medicinally, will prevent any questionable remedies being resorted to. You have always had more faith in nature than in the materia medica; but the



human system is sometimes wonderfully <sup>fully</sup> aided in its weakness or congestion by some fortunate prescription. I am glad to hear, therefore, that you are not unwilling to take medical advice, as it may prove very timely.

One of the botanical helps for bleeding at the lungs is cayenne tea, which acts, I suppose, both as an astringent and a stimulant. I have heard of its having proved very efficacious.

I am suffering less of anguish in my rheumatic knee (if the trouble be of that nature, of which I am not quite sure) than sometime back; but as it decreases, I am feeling sharp pains in the region of the heart, an exchange not of special advantage.

What a complex machinery is this human organism of ours! That it runs so long is a wonder; but nothing can save it in the end from dissolution.



When the time comes to part with it, let us hold fast to the assurance that we shall be the gainers by it. At any period, it will be hard to be separated from those who are specially near and dear to us; but how quickly the broken links will be reunited, and how many beloved ones on the other side are waiting to receive us again to personal communion and visible fellowship!

You are several years my junior, and I hope will recuperate, and be preserved in at least comparatively good health till you have reached an octogenarian period.

In all next month, we hope for the arrival at New York of Mr. Villard, Fanny, and their little ones; in which case you may expect to see me about that time, provided all goes well with us at home.



I believe Frank has sent to Wendell a photograph of myself, (most wretchedly taken,) on which card is a "spirit likeness" of Charles Sumner, in the act of bending over me, and holding a broken chain in his right hand, symbolical of emancipation. It was taken nine days after his removal, and is something as singular as it is inexplicable. I have several other spirit likenesses, equally marvellous, and all duly authenticated by the parties concerned.

In a few days I will send two of the best photographs that have yet been taken of my features. The last one I have of you (cabinet size) is all that need be desired. In looking at it, it is next to being at your side.

How I want to see your dear wife, and Lucy, and the three darling grandchildren! And Wendell, of course!

Yours, by every tie of friendship,  
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.